

the *i*nnis herald...

innis college at the university of toronto

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FEATURE

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The Innis Herald

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 THE INNIS HERALD
 MISSION STATEMENT
 Our mission is: To ask
 questions with all the
 ingenuity learned in
 Kindergarten; to boldly go
 where others have gone
 before; to act with reckless
 abandon in pursuit of
 reckless abandon; to indulge
 in all the bad things we
 aren't supposed to indulge
 in; to fear only the mundane
 and banal; to search for the
 truth; to represent a
 generation and not just a
 college; and above all, to
 exploit the anti-culture.

Translation:
 To dig up dirt and report it; to
 not take ourselves too
 seriously; to be the shit
 disturbers; to piss a couple
 people off; to not be the
 Varsity; to just keepin' it real;
 to tell you what you really
 want to know; to increase
 circulation and draw
 advertising.

In Memory of the
 Grandfather of John Moores
 (Assistant Layout Editor),
 who's sudden passing on
 Oct 31, 1999 saddens us all.
 The staff at the Innis Herald
 extend our deepest condolences

EDITORIAL

tion. Their are heads looking
 down only at the ground in
 front of them. Shuffling their
 feet like trained soldiers, some
 even have of look of utmost
 anxiety, as if they're looking
 for the money they lost on the
 way to buy a veggie dog. No
 one ever notices how beautiful
 the trees look in fall bloom. No
 one ever stops just to look up
 at the sky. No one ever stops
 moving.

For if they do they just
 might realize

University of Toronto: The Cigarette Pimp

Do you ever wonder why the students at St. George walk the way they do? Take a close look. On any given autumn day, during the transition of a class, when students march relentlessly to their next destination.



B. Alic

there's nobody beside them to appreciate the leaves, or the sky. Like goldfish in a bowl, isolation is a stark reminder of one of the forgotten problems facing UofT (St. George). Ask any first year student what his or her biggest challenge relating to St. George is and they will tell you the same things: transition, lack of school spirit, commute, identity. The fore mentioned are interrelated and essentially the same, at the heart of the matter, our students

are lonely.

Walking from lecture to lecture, without a friend, in a new and intimidating environment (in what pop culture hails as "The Best Years Of Your Life"), can be very traumatic indeed. One becomes cold and indifferent very quickly. Phrases such as, *the people are so stuck up, the Profs. are so intimidating, the TA's are dicks, that peo-*

of course *UofT sucks!* can be heard echoing through the subway tunnels as the commuters go home at night.

So what do these students do when they decide to take the initiative and make friends all-by-themselves, just like in Kindergarten? Well, name-tags not being an option, they walk up to classmates before or after a lecture and say,

You gotta light? Hey! Aren't you *So-and-So* [and of course they always are] in my *something-something* class? His my name is *this- and-that*

So now that we've defined the problem, how do we solve it? Which problem you say? The high price of tobacco or too many students that should of gone to York...

The Editor-in-chief is an avid tobacco enthusiast who can be found bumming smokes outside Innis College.

COMMENTARY

What It Takes to Get Into Innis Residence

All the dirt on the Innis Rez

VICTORIA LOH

Being a resident at Innis' condo-style elitist compound is a privilege that few UofT students, (or Innis College students for that matter) can say that they have enjoyed. The popular misconceptions where Innis Res. is the best at UofT, not

only for its trendy high-tech structure, but also for the people in it, shall be refuted one at a time.

While it is a multi-million dollar building and while it costs approximately 3000 dollars to live there, the structure itself seemed like it

was made a little too quickly and with some pretty cheap material at times. For instance, any one of the upper corner suites will be able to show you cracks in the ceiling where two walls come together to form the corner. Sunlight, baby, pops through those cracks. Then, take a look at the walls. I had one friend who, by accident had his back thrown against the wall. Instead of hurting his back, the wall caved in, almost allowing him to drive right through it. But of course, I could have told you that the walls were too thin a long time ago. Innis Residents: try studying when your roommate has sex. The paint on the wall is so cheap that it practically falls off...don't even ask me how I discovered this one. I used to reside at the residence, during my first and second year. Why I'm not living there for my current, final year is another topic up for discussion.

You see, when applying to live there for first year, it's pretty much based on your grades. Fair enough. While in first year, a paranoia kind of surrounds you because you realize that you love the location

Innis Residents: try studying when your roommate has sex.

of the real estate and hey, it's not a bad place to live if you get along with your roommates and fit into some of the cliques that form behind those walls. You become fearful that you won't "get back in." The key to success, as it is emphasized throughout the year, is to get involved in the Innis community, and show that you simply love being there. So, in first year, I made sure I was a part of as

many extra-curricular activities as possible. I was on the Innis Herald, part of Innis intramurals, and participated in/organized some of the activities on my floor and I got back in for my second year. In second year, I

was the editor-in-chief of both the Innis Herald and the English Student Union Journal, did some intramurals, sat on the Innis College Student Services, and the Innis Col-

lege Council. And just to mimic last year, I kept up my volunteer work and part-time job.

Amazingly, I won a few scholarships based on my extra-curricular activities, including the coveted Taddle Creek Residence Award, which in particular honours those who have contributed to Innis Residence. I was even elected vice-president

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Innis Rez

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

of Innis Residence Council for the up-coming year. I was confident that I would get back into the residence. I had poured blood, sweat and tears into the Innis community. And when I found out that not only did not get back into residence, but I was put at the bottom of the waiting list, I was devastated.

I had to forfeit my student council position that I had worked very hard to win and all the work that I had put into the Innis Residence Council up until that point. I felt as if none of my efforts had been recognized, so I demanded to speak to my dons to know why. I was told that I had not been re-accepted for several reasons. One, when moving out, I forgot to notify the office that I had cleaned my room. Two, I had a visitor whose car was parked too long in one of the two car spaces at Innis Residence. Three, I wasn't popular enough with the people on my floor. And four, I didn't do enough for Innis Residence.

The first two reasons were small technicalities, I thought. The third was interesting because that implies that it is better to be fake and suck up to people you barely know, than to

think for yourself and be yourself. I was amazed at the first three reasons because they were so anal and unreasonable. I was completely devastated at the final and fourth reason. How could I have not done enough? I ate, slept and breathed my extra-curricular activities.

Then, I looked at who did get back into residence this year, and while some of the picks surprised the shit out of me, it made me understand truly, the reasons why I didn't get readmitted. So, to all frosh who are currently staying at Innis Residence, or for the second years who want to get back in, here is my list of recommendations to ensure that you get a letter of acceptance:

1. Suck up to your dons, big time. Go to their room and write cute things outside their door, like, "I just came up to lick your boots, but since you not here, I decided to sweep the floor outside your door. I'll be back later to tell you how wonderful you are." Never argue with them, or make suggestions as to how residence could be a better experience.

2. Don't complain to your Residence Assistants ever. While I had a fantastic R.A. who was always there for me, I can't help but wonder if any of my complaints during

the year affected my readmittance? It must have. Why would you take back someone who spoke their mind when you could get a drone who thinks everything is great? The latter group of people are much easier to deal with.

3. Visit everyone who lives on your floor, no matter how much some of them would rather not see your face, and just keep hanging out so that they know your name and will put it down on their list of recommended residents at the end of the year.

4. If 3 fails, just make sure you have a lot of money to donate to the residence. If you do this, you don't need to participate in any activities or do any of the above. You don't even have to be attending the University of Toronto, St. George Campus. Seriously.

5. Make sure you do drugs at some point during your stay. Even though, it's generally an illegal activity, many drug users have a high acceptance rate.

6. Do hire a prostitute at some time during your stay. Even though it's illegal to solicit, many johns have a high acceptance rate. I'm serious... just ask someone from the front desk night staff just how often prostitutes visit the residents.

7. Sleep with people. Be promis-

cuous, but make sure you do it with the right people, like someone from the student council clique. Some members seem to have a lot of influence, or at least think they do.

8. Make one of your relatives is a friend of Gary Spencer, Dean of Residence.

9. Or, be like some of the residents that I just can't understand how they got reaccepted, and be a total social retard amongst your peers. Study your brains out all the time, never socialize or know how to socialize. Just be really strange and talk about how you like to follow people around for long periods of time and occasionally have a nervous breakdown.

10. Oh, yeah, and if you do spend your time on extra-curricular activities, make sure they are the sometimes stupid ones being held on your floor because they count first and foremost. It's not about how much time you put into the Innis community. It's about the door decorating, floor crawls, and the random-suck-up activities that other people hold. Do those, because it doesn't matter if you are on the ICSS, ICC and IRC.

While I realize that this article is political suicide, especially since I'm running for the Graduating Student position on ICSS, it was something that had

to be said. To those in residence who know me well and are my friends, I hope you understand my purpose in this dissertation. To those who don't know me and are offended, I'm sorry for revealing so much.

While I've had many great experiences at Innis Res. and am ultimately disappointed that I was not able to make any new ones, I take with me the knowledge that Innis Res. is a building fueled with high school politics. White paper rhetoric dictates a readmittance policy based on meritocracy, but practice dictates a readmittance policy based on boot-licking, and any seasoned resident who denies this is a liar. If I could do it all again, I would, and I would have done it exactly the same. While I may not walk away with a residence acceptance letter in my hand, I do have another scholarship based on my extra-curricular activities and I walk away with a valuable lesson in character. Innis Residence is the best... on paper. Innis Residence, however, doesn't even rank when it comes to integrity.

Vicki Loh's column appears monthly. Vicki is running for the graduating seat on the ICSS and needs your vote!

Never Get Into a Cab With A Porno Director at Three in the Morning

QUINCY CHEUNG

So I'm just smoking a fatty, having some drinks with my buds on Saturday at some house party at New College Res. And my friend Lucas tells me about our mutual friend Jon who goes to McGill, and he's telling this story that was like... man that sucks!

So anyway, Jon's in downtown Montreal at about 3AM, just walking, actually, I shouldn't use his real name, so let's call him "Yudelman." So "Yudelman's" having a smoke drinking a coffee, he's a philosophy major. So this guy, in his mid forties walks up to "Yudelman" and says, "Yo bud, you got an extra smoke?"

And "Yudelman's" like, "Yeah, sure."

He gives him a smoke So then this guy's like, "Ah, you gotta light?"

And Jon's, "Yudelman's" too long like, "Yeah, sure."

So then this guy says to

Yudelman, "Ah, hey. Can I just walk with you for a couple of minutes?"

So Jon-the-philosopher says, "Ah, sure."

So they're walkin' and talkin' and smokin' and the guy says to Jon,

"Yeah, yeah, so I'm this big porno director guy in Montreal."

And Jon says, "Really?" So then he convinces Jon to show him his abs. And he's like, "Oh yeah, you can do pom."

And Jon's thinking, na-ice! So then this old, mid-forties porno director who just happens to be walking around the slums of downtown Montreal at three in the morning says to Jon, "Yo, you want any weed?" Of course, Jon-the-philosopher says, "Yo, hook it up!"

And of course, this guy

"Ah man, that tickles!"



convinces Jon to get into a cab with him at about three-thirty in the morning; this guy convinces Jon to spot the cash.

So they're riding in a cab and the guy takes him to the P.J.'s of Montreal and says, "Yeah, wait in the cab I'll get the 'erb from my buddy. Ah, you got any cash?"

You know what happens next.

So the guy comes back and gives Jon a rock wrapped in tin foil. It's so obvious. It was a rock he picked up in the playground, I don't know where

he got the tin foil.

So Jon's like,

"Hey man, it's a rock!"

So the guy's like,

"Oh, man I'm sorry. He probably gave me some bad weed."

I have to stop here and pause for a moment to piss my pants. Dude, it was a rock! HA! HA! HA! HA!

(sorry). I swear to God this is a true story.

So then the guy says, "Yeah, well let's go to some other place to get weed."

At this point, knowing already what's about to happen, I'm having severe doubts about my friend Jon's sanity. I'm like, "Yo, dis guy's [Jon] cray-zee!"

So they go across town to another P.J. Jon pays. And still the guy asks Jon-the-philosopher for money. At this point Jon kicks him out of the cab and rides home. At the end of the night, he's out sixty-

bucks from cabbng all across town--no weed.

Afterwards, Lucas is pissing in the New College bathtub 'cause my other friend Josh is using the toilet. So then this girl knocks on the door at four in the morning, while Lucas is pissing and says, "Excuse me, could you keep it down, I'm trying to sleep."

So Lucas turns on the tap to flush out the piss, and the shower head wets his entire torso, and he's so drunk (and high) he just starts laughin'. So the three of us go to some place on campus at four in the morning, and because Lucas is wet he takes off his shirt; so we all take off our shirts. I have my camera with me so (cause we're still high) we take some mock porno pictures to salute our bud the Philosopher in Montreal. But even as I write this, I still can't stop laughing my ass off.

QC is in 2nd year majoring in chain-smoking and minors in dysfunctional relationships.



Who Charges Women for Sex? Johnnie Bassett, That's Who!

Blues Legend Rocks the Silver Dollar

BY CHANG MAO HUONG

I remember this scene in the movie "White Men Can't Jump" where Woody Harrelson and Wesley Snipes are talking about hearing Jimi Hendrix. "You may listen to Jimi, but you don't hear Jimi." The black Snipes says to the white Harrelson. "Only brothers hear Jimi," continues Snipes. "You see this!" he points to his black forearm. "Just like Jimi's. I'm a brother!"

Johnnie Bassett was born in Marianna, Florida in 1935 and moved to Detroit in 1944. There, as teenager, he got his start with an R&B outfit, "Joe Weaver & The Bluesnotes," making his mark as a session musician. The list of the musicians that he has backed reads like a Who's Who of Blues and R&B: Big Joe Turner, Ruth Brown, John Lee Hooker, Lowell Fulson, and Little Willie John among others.

In 1965 he jammed with Jimi Hendrix. In 1999 he was nominated for five W.C. Handy Awards (the Oscars of Blues), including: Best Album and the year (Cadillac Blues). Hailed

by historian Fred Reif as "The last great undiscovered black bluesman to come out of Detroit," an after rocking local Detroit blues scene for 40 years, Johnnie Bassett has finally arrived.

And on this particular October 23rd, the *Silver Dollar* was bumpin' like it ain't been bumped in years. The crowd was predominantly old white people between 35 and 50, and despite the fact they could not dance to save their white asses, nevertheless they were all here for the same reason, namely, to witness the legendary Detroit blues guitarist "raise the roof."

And as for Johnnie, here to plug his new album with The Blues Insurgents called "Party My Blues Away" he was being a non-stop showman for the duration of his concert. After a flawless first set and leaving many spectators of the packed *Dollar* in awe, with his mad mix of old school blues and urban r'n'b'. In the middle of the second set he delivered a hilarious monologue about how during his last show in Peterborough, he met a "fine young lady" and proceeded by charging her to have sex with him. Of course, the validity of

that story really can't be verified (I didn't want to ask him after the show). And in my mind, when I heard the sweet sounds of this old blues master, what with his kangol hat and matching 'pimp' red blazer, that night, I heard Jimi. That night, I became a brother.

QUICK FACTS:

Johnnie Bassett and The Blues Insurgents

Johnnie and his band were honoured with 5 1999 W.C. Handy Award nominations: Traditional Blues, Male Artist of The Year, Best New Blues Artist, Blues Instrumentalist, Guitar Traditional Blues, Album Of The Year, (for Cadillac Blues) Best Blues Song Of The Year (for Cadillac Blues)

Newest C.D.: "Party My Blues Away"

Inspirations: T-Bone Walker and B.B. King

Front Man World Tour

BY ILIR PRISTINE

Upon notice that *Thrush Hermit* was breaking up, indie rock fans everywhere held their heads in sorrow to the passing of one of Canada's great rock bands. But they weren't going out quietly. Or were they? For one last time, *Thrush Hermit* headline across Canada in the "Front Man War Tour", with guests *Local Rabbits* and Toronto's own *Flashing Lights*.

A week into tour *Thrush Hermit* has more bad news and withdraws from the tour due to Joel Plaskett's sickness. So what happens? *Flashing Lights* pick up the slack; the tour picks up Soho Kitchen and continues to the delight of fans everywhere.

When the tour rolled into the *Opera House* I didn't know what to expect. Would fans still pay \$15 dollars to see *The Flashing Lights* play when they usually only charge \$7? Thankfully *The Opera House* was three quarters full and the crowd was enthusiastic and happily swigging their beers.

The Local Rabbits played a thirty-minute set to a receptive crowd. I have seen the band before and unfortunately there live shows aren't as tight as their two records. The songs are very catchy but it's their delivery live that makes the material suffer. Every three-minute song turns into a seven-minute guitar solo wanking fest. It gets very tedious by the third song. Nonetheless the *Local Rabbits'* fans made it entertaining by dancing

and enjoying themselves.

Enter the *Flashing Lights*. To anybody who hasn't seen this band, they are definitely a band to catch live. Having released a CD titled, "Where the Change Is" the boys know how to rock and keep the crowd into it. Led by Matt Murphy (Ex of Superfriendz) they crashed into their first song entitled "High School" which is also their first video that is currently playing on Much Music. From one rock gem to another *The Lights* could move with ease to other genres like the country tinged "Rotary Hotel" to the more 60's psychedelic flavour, "The Patient You Forgot To See" complete with very spooky keyboards throughout. The secret to these guys playing live is simple: they rock hard, keep all the songs to under four minutes, and they play like it's their last show every time. For their last song "Elevature" the *Local Rabbits* joined them on stage and poured champagne over a triumphant Matt Murphy.

"The Front Man War Tour" stops through yet another town and brings the rock to the people. We thank *Local Rabbits*, and the *Flashing Lights*. More importantly we thank *Thrush Hermit* for a great career and organizing this tour. We hope that Joel Plaskett gets well soon and that they are successful in their upcoming projects. *Thrush Hermit*, on behalf of Canadian rock fans everywhere, thank you.

Ilir Pristine knows Rock.

The Mahones

October 22, 1999 @ Lee's Palace

BY SARAH STYLER

Even if *The Mahones* possessed no musical talent, their remarkably enthusiastic delivery and strong stage presence would be enough to get an audience off its feet. However, lead singer Fintan McConnell and his band mates, Ger O'Sullivan (mandolin/guitar/bodhran), Andrew Brown (tinwhistles/accordion), Joe Chithalen (bass), and Chris Smirmios (drums), show a great deal of proficiency at their respective instruments. Consequently, their infectious melo-

dies and lively Celtic-rock rhythms inspired the audience to rise and join the dance party that began near the stage and subsequently spread throughout the entire venue.

With songs such as "Drunken Lazy Bastard" and "Cocktail Blue", *The Mahones* can only be described as the quintessential drinking band. The "DLB" inspired the already active audience to elap their hands, stomp their feet, and sing along to the entertaining, if repetitive, lyrics.

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Pudd: Not a Minute Too Soon

BY ILIR PRISTINE

In a world where mediocrity is the norm, PUDD goes out of their way to shake things up and kick you in the balls. This self-proclaimed "New School Ska Punk" band have been turning heads since they started playing together in the winter of 1997 and show more signs of promise everyday.

When they first started, the band was an army with eight members. Over the years they've gone through a couple of bass players and guitarists, but now they have trimmed down to five members which include Jake (guitar/vocals), Kyle (drums), Mike (Bass) Mark (trumpet/vocals), and John (trombone).

Raised on a steady diet of bands like Sublime, Less than Jake, and Slapstick, the band knows that it takes more than just wearing your influences on your sleeve to make a good record. Kyle points out, "We all love those bands and everything, but it's about taking your influences to another level and creating something new. If not you'll just sound like every other band who probably listen to the same



bands you do." Jake agrees, "Who wants to sound like half the stuff that is already out

there? In our genre of music it's very easy to get stuck in the same old thing but we push the limits as hard as we can. We spend a lot of time working on our guitar parts and horn arrangements so they sound origi-

nal. That's what catches people's attention."

The fact that everyone writes lyrics also helps out. "If anybody writes lyrics we'll use them. It prevents us from repeating ourselves lyrically and keeps everyone in the band happy." Kyle adds to Jake's statement, "Mark wrote a song about the crisis going on in Kosovo and it's really good. Me or Jake wouldn't have written a song like that so it gives us an added edge. Another thing is, with Mark singing as well as Jake it gives the

band more appeal to people who would get sick of just one guy's voice." Jake smiles and laughs, "And besides, it gives me a chance to rock out on guitar on stage."

The band is as democratic as they could possibly be but when asked about the situation in the studio Kyle flashes Jake a dirty look. Jake admits, "When it comes to the studio I tend to be a bit of an asshole but I have to or else we'll never get anything done." Kyle adds, "When we go into the studio we don't have a lot of money so we have to be quick but we always end up putting out pretty well produced stuff for an independent band." Having put out one five song EP that did well for them, they decided to go into the studio again. When all was said and done they came out with an eight-song EP, entitled "Not a Minute Too Soon," that they're very proud of. Jake hopes they're excitement for their record will carry over, "I think that people will really like it. It has a good driving sound and our playing is really tight." Kyle concurs, "This is a good time for us right now. With the new record coming out and a couple of live shows, things are looking really good."

You can contact PUDD at puddx@hotmail.com

Pudd goes out of their way to shake things up and kick you in the balls...

THE MAHONES

CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE

The Mahones have found their forte in technically demanding drinking songs; however, the few songs that depart from this formula are the ones that better represent their true musical and lyrical talents. Particularly effective were the bands emotional tribute to their hometown of Kingston, Ontario with "This Old Town" and their beautifully executed radio hit "When it Comes Around." Surprisingly, the yearning vocals on the former were strikingly reminiscent of the raspy delivery of Social Distortion front man and solo artist Mike Ness. The Mahones lengthy set culled material from each of their three albums -1994's "Draggin in the Days," 1996's "Rise Again" and 1999's "The Hellfire Club Sessions," but it was their earlier material that best held the fickle

audiences interests. In fact, all attempts to slow the pace of their music were met with a large increase in the ambient noise.

After returning backstage following the main section of the show, The Mahones returned for a lengthy encore consisting only of cover tunes. There is something truly endearing about a Celtic-rockband covering The Rolling Stones' "I Can't Get No Satisfaction" and The Ramones' "I Wanna Be Sedated". When all is said and done, the Mahones know how to put on a show.

Sarah Styler is the Asst. Music Editor for the Herald. Look for Sarah's exclusive interview with *Bad Religion* coming soon. . .

"Daze of a Thousand Yawns"

Chris Cornell gets contemplative in *Euphoria Morning*

BY PETE SOBCHAK

"Success is really only a measure of what has happened before," says Chris Cornell, who, with the release of the appropriately titled "Euphoria Morning" marks the dawn of a new life for the former front man of Seattle-based superband, *Soundgarden*. Those expecting an audio assault rivaling that of Cornell's former band, be forewarned: EM contains fired heart and soul, not fist and fury.

"Euphoria Morning" is Cornell's rebirth into a new realm of more experimental and emotional terrain. "Suddenly I could do anything I wanted, and that's kind of scary," says Cornell of working solo. "I became really inspired by the Beatles, not so much their songwriting or sound, but the fact that they were really dis-

verse. They would discover different styles and feelings, incorporate that into what they did, and create an incredible landscape of sounds." "When I'm Down," shows this influence as the blues piano intro abruptly breaks into a riff that is reminiscent of the Fab Four's "Oh Darling." "I really love old R&B ballads of the sixties, and wanted to sing in that style," says Cornell. "In a way, it's like re-inventing the wheel. How can I make it a little different? If I'm influenced by something, I want to take it to another place rather than emulate exactly what they did. With *Soundgarden*, I assumed the role as another instrument in the band: the lyrics I wrote were often influenced by the mood of the music," says Cornell. "With this solo record, the reverse would happen - the music is tailored to the mood of the lyrics.

Music is of course important, but I wanted the lyrics and vocals to be the central focus." Although Cornell purposely delves deep into this experimentally emotional realm, he maintains his tendency to interweave disturbing negativity into nearly every lyrical verse. Yet somehow he achieves an overall product that does not depress the listener.

Cornell recorded the entire album digitally (no tape machine required), yet offset the sharp precision of technology with the imperfect sounds of vintage '60s guitars, amps and other equipment. "We had this old stuff filtering through up-to-the-second technology," says Cornell. Yet *Euphoria Morning* is an endeavour unexpectedly marred by these electronic studio effects, which makes it destined to be placed on the shelf labelled "Forgettable Albums of 1999."

Egoyan Breaks For Tea

Atom Egoyan follows-up *The Sweet Hereafter* with the English tale *Felicia's Journey*

BY RYAN JACOBSON

Many directors seem born for the medium of film. One wonders what would become of them if they were born in a pre-industrial world. Antithetical to that is Atom Egoyan, whom it would not be difficult to imagine as a great novelist. His gift is an unwavering commitment to character and psychological intimacy, tempered with narrative complexity. It is no coincidence then that he is so

Like in most of Egoyan's films, *Felicia's Journey* is about conflict. The conflict between England and Ireland, between the industrial and the rural, and the conflict within ones soul. Egoyan's characters are ordinary people troubled by the gap between their wants and their needs; their desires and their repression. Divergent from direc-

tors, like Todd Solondz, who deal with similarly broken people Egoyan seems to have genuine affection for his characters. These characters are

complicated and cannot be defined as either good or bad, only human.

The ambiguity of character is reminiscent of Hitchcock. A figure who becomes a thematic presence in *Felicia's Journey*. The film is an homage to, most notably, *Psycho* and, to a lesser degree, *Suspicion*. The very sound of Hoskin's character, Ambrose Hilditch, echo's Alfred Hitchcock (Ambrose is also reference to a crucial plot point in *The Man Who Knew Too Much*). Even Hoskin's speech patterns suggests the master. Egoyan, like Hitchcock, never wastes a shot. Each detail is important even if they are initially confusing. He reveals story details slowly, shedding layer after layer until he finally allows us to see the connections. This is crafted without stripping character ambiguity. To that end *Felicia's Journey* does not offer a cathartic moment where Hilditch or *Felicia's* inner psychology becomes clear.

Atom Egoyan's film's very often feels like a completed puzzle with one piece missing. It is that conspicuously ambiguous piece that makes *Felicia's Journey* so interesting and challenging. Although *Felicia's Journey* on a whole never reaches the vitality or lyricism that *The Sweet Hereafter* managed it is still a considerable achievement.

The ambiguity of character is reminiscent of Hitchcock.

adept at adapting difficult novels to screen. *Felicia's Journey*, based on the novel by William Trevor, is Egoyan's follow up to the multi-Academy Award nominated *The Sweet Hereafter*.

Felicia's Journey documents the spiritual and literal journey of pregnant Felicia, played by newcomer Elaine Cassidy, as she travels from Ireland to England in search of the father of her child (Peter McDonald). On this journey she crosses paths with lonely, obsessive compulsive catering supervisor Joseph Ambrose Hilditch, played by Bob Hoskins. The two lonely, desperate souls develop a bond, with each filling a need in the others life. However, underneath Hilditch's proper, dull English exterior lies the heart of a psychopath. A Norman Bates type who's Freudian complexes point to internal struggles, which are only hinted at on the surface. Hoskin delivers a skillful and powerful performance in a difficult, subtly nuanced role. Felicia similarly buries her emotions deep within her, rarely breaching the surface. Unfortunately, Cassidy is steady but, never compelling as Felicia. She lacks the intensely subtle expressiveness of Sarah Polley which brought such weight to *The Sweet Hereafter*.

Alec Bahraja

I Have a Crush on Lou Diamond Phillips

An Encounter with a Movie Star

BY MELISSA MOI

I walked up to the Senator restaurant on the corner of Dundas and Victoria, my heart pounding as I spotted the shiny black limo parked out front. On the second floor, amidst a décor of comfortable lounge couches, leather seats, paintings of naked women and an old worn in bar, I was to meet an authentic Hollywood movie star, a charming, smooth, character: Lou Diamond Phillips was in town to promote his new movie, "Bats" a crazy, pseudo-Alfred Hitchcock's-the-Birds-thriller, and I was to spend an afternoon chatting with him.

He sauntered into the room singing and dancing to his own voice. Clad in leather pants and a tight white sweater, he held in his hand an expensive looking Cuban cigar. On a whirlwind tour of the country to promote his new film, Phillips had already spent the morning at radio stations, doing TV interviews; this after he'd spent the previous night on the "Late Late Show with Craig Kilborne" and the previous day in Chicago. The dark circles under his eyes

provided evidence of a couple of hectic days, but his exhaustion was not apparent in his demeanor. He flashed a few smiles as he personally introduced himself to each of us. As if we didn't know who he was.

"Mind if I light this?" he asked, as he reached for the matches on the table. Like we would have said no. Like anyone would have said no at this point. His minute presence had oozed enough Hollywood charm to mesmerize the entire

of, well, bats. He laughed as he recalled his earlier wardrobe "looking like a Federal Express delivery man." And from running between cow pastures and escaping the wrath of vicious bats, he described the movie as one of the most physically demanding films he's ever done. "I had to swim chest deep in bat guano...bat crap, bat poo poo, bat shit."

When asked about the character itself, Lou grinned and exclaimed his excitement in tak-

"I had to swim chest deep in bat guano...bat crap, bat poo poo, bat shit."

room; he could do no wrong.

Lou relaxed in his seat, puffed away at his cigar, as our interview began. Eager to promote his latest work, Phillips delighted with tales of misfortune and mischief on the set of "Bats." Lou plays Sheriff Emmet Kinsey; a small town Texan set to take on an influx

ing the role. Ironically, though Phillips is a native Texan, this was the first time he had ever had a chance to take on a role as a Texan. "I finally got to do some of the funny, quirky, idiosyncratic things that I know about Texas," he beams with a hint of Texan accent shining

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Japanese Royalty Invades North America

Princess Mononoke proves to be a cartoon with substance

BY MATHIAS LOERTSCHER

When people complain about films they've seen, chances are their protests have something to do with the plot or with the conceptual content of the film. Usually the film lacks in either or both categories. With *Princess Mononoke* however, the complaint might be more in terms of too much of both. Complex, with many references to Japanese folklore, this beautiful and elegant animated film is very entertaining and should satiate most filmgoers.

The first Japanese anime film to get a wide release in North America, the film follows the adventures of Ashitaka (Billy Crudup), a young warrior who, after battling a giant demon possessed boar, becomes infected with a curse that leaves a dark swirling mark on his arm. He leaves his village to find out why the boar was possessed and to purge himself of the curse. Along the way he meets Jigo (with Billy Bob Thornton's southern drawl, making for the strangest swindling Japanese monk I've ever seen). Ashitaka's travels take him to Iron Town, where the villagers, under the direction of the austere Lady Eboshi (Minnie Driver), have to destroy the forest in order to produce iron. There, Ashitaka

meets forest animals and their spirits, including the Princess Mononoke (Claire Danes). Why the film bears her namesake is not entirely clear. Eventually, a war ensues between the villagers, some invading samurai, and the forest spirits.

This is certainly no simple morality play on man's indus-

tenery feels magical, with little Pillsbury doughboys forest spirits running around. The animators have done an excellent job of evoking a mythical time.

The North American release of the film is a bit of a mystery. With many of the film's characters drawn from Japanese folklore, many of the references will undoubtedly go over the heads of most North American audiences, leaving the motives behind some of the scenes a puzzle. And although anime has a huge cult following, no

films have ever made it as far as the multiplexes. In most cases, they are relegated to the video shelves. *Princess Mononoke* was a smash hit in Japan however, and perhaps one of the more easily accessible films of this type. As with a lot of anime however, the film has some disturbing scenes of violence, with bloody body parts coming unattached easily and frequently. Although the environmental morality of the film and the giant animal characters make the film one that children would enjoy, the gruesome decapitations are definitively reason to keep the kids at home. This may be the film's only fault, as the explicit portrayal of violence is totally unnecessary.



triarily devastating relationship with nature. The film does not offer any black and white judgments of the iron-producing villagers, whose feminist leader, as we are constantly reminded, is kindhearted enough to save women from brothels around the country. The animals of the forest are portrayed as both wisely spiritual, as well as unrelentingly angry. Our hero, Ashitaka, therefore does not easily take up with either side. The fact that the battle between good and evil is not clear-cut allows the film to keep one's attention, despite its 132 minutes.

The visuals of the film are also enchanting. The colours are beautiful, the movement is amazingly fluid, and the forest

A Three Sided Coin

Taking a Gamble on Run Lola Run

BY PETE SOBCHAK

What was the last film you saw that truly lived up to its hype? Take *The Blair Witch Project*, for instance; was it actually as good as all the advanced press said it was? This reviewer left *Blair Witch* feeling both sorely ripped off and a reactionary product of the marketing whiz-kids who were responsible for planting my butt in that seat (as well as a little nauseous). So imagine my trepidation as I laid my money down to see *Run Lola Run*. This is one of those films with the kind of advance buzz that is impossible to ignore. A huge hit at both the 1998 Toronto International Film Festival (where it made its North American debut) and at the 1999 Sundance Film Festival, the feature has already won over a legion of critics and fans. Needless to say I was dubious. Yet from the amazing opening sequence, before the credits, all the way to the end of the screening when I was standing on my feet shouting and applauding, *Run Lola Run* is a film I could not take my eyes off of.

Directed by Tom Tykwer, this gimmicky German import is a kinetic meditation on fate and destiny. It tells the story of Lola (Franka Potente, an actress with a captivating screen presence), a contemporary Goth-girl with blazing red hair, a large tattoo, and a voice so penetrating that when she screams, she can shatter glass. She's also athletic, because, as one might ex-

pect from the title, Lola spends most of the movie running.

The premise is both beautifully simple and perfectly spherical. One day Lola receives a panicked phone call from her dim-witted boyfriend, Manni (Moritz Bleibtreu), who has lost 100,000 marks that he owes to the mob. Lola has 20 minutes to come up with the money and get it to Manni or he will be killed. So she takes to the streets, straining every resource to make the score before it's too late. Instead of just showing us one of Lola's approaches, however, Tykwer gives us three to choose from. The story is told three times with slight alterations and wildly different outcomes. People always die, but never the same people: It depends on how fast an animated Lola makes it down a set of circular stairs. Here, who lives or dies is a matter of a chance half-second or a random glance. The device of playing with time will remind some of *Pulp Fiction*. Yet its use is potent as we are thrown into a *Sliding Doors*-style alley of alternate realities. You can essentially pick your own ending, each of which offers its share of irrelevant surprises.

The photography (by Frank Griebe) is excellent. His "gimmick" is that every time Lola and Manni are filmed, he uses 35mm, and then every scene in which they are not involved is shot on video. This makes Lola and Manni's scenes jump out at

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Going To the Chapel

Chris O'Donnell proposes to Rene Zellweger in The Bachelor

BY RYAN JACOBSON

About twenty minutes into *The Bachelor* Jimmie Shannon (Chris O'Donnell) turns to his friend Marco (Artie Lang) and says "I got the point four cliches ago". At which point one of the other critics at the screening yells out "You're way past four!". Since the ending of a romantic comedy is a foregone conclusion, the art is in the delivery. How the film get the lovers from point 'a' to point 'b.' Some romantic comedies can ride effortlessly on the charm of it's leads such as *You've Got Mail*, and others depend on wit such as *Notting Hill*. Unfortunately, *The Bachelor* fits into neither of these categories. Rather, the film is contrived,

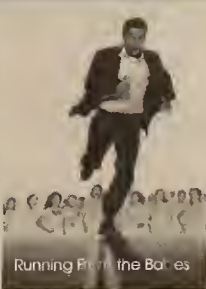
formulaic and at times excruciating to watch.

The story revolves around marriage phobic bachelor Jimmie who is confronted with mounting social pressure to get married to long time girlfriend Anne, played by Rene Zellweger. Jimmie reluctantly proposes, which produces one of the few genuinely big laughs of the film, and rightfully is turned down. Then the film, already becoming weighed down by cliches tops itself. Jimmie's grandfather dies leaving him 100 million on the stipulation that he get married by his 30th birthday, which is in two days (of course!).

The wasted supporting cast of dignified veterans such as

Hal Holbrook, James Cromwell, Ed Asner, and Peter Onorati is one of the major disappointments of *The Bachelor*. The entire cast struggles under the weight of the unimaginative material (by first time screenwriter Steve Cohen), although the sight of O'Donnell being chased by a thousand brides was amusing. Zellweger is wasted in a thankless role that basically asks her to cry a lot. Amid the debris that is *The Bachelor* only James Cromwell, who is always good, and Brook Shields, who usually isn't, stand out.

The failing flaw with *The Bachelor* is that it dives right into the plot and skips Anna and Jimmie's courtship. We have no



frame of reference and no reason to care if they end up together. Another problem is that very often a comedy's delights

derive from the unusual characters that populate the diegesis. This film recognises this and incorrectly makes everyone zany without any of them becoming full blooded people. The filmmakers forget that comedy and drama are interdependent and jettison credibility early. The romantic comedy classic *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, with its similar subject matter, understood the subtleties of the genre. *The Bachelor* in comparison is lacklustre and a waste of time.

Ryan Jacobson is our Assistant Cinema Culture Editor and can be reached at madvorldfilm@hotmail.com

Guerilla Film Making

A Starting Point For Making a Low Budget Feature Film

BY PETER SOBCHAK

This is the first in a series of monthly articles examining the process of making a feature film.

[N.B. the expression "low budget" is defined in different ways, depending on which echelon of the industry you happen to be speaking. For the filmmaker who wants to make a feature and raise their money from primarily private as opposed to corporate or professional sources, a realistic definition would be \$100 thousand or less.]

There are two different ways to approach production at this price level. The first is to shoot a feature very quickly—from seven to ten days. This is the "quickie" approach. Its essence is that since one hires professionals and pays them professional wages, the money is burned up fast, and the result is a film that is made without much style, but in a straightforward and mechanical manner. Such films can be very successful commercially, but do not have much to do with art. The "quickie" approach applies best to "camp" genres, in which the entertainment value of the story, as opposed to the artistic value of its execution, is the saleable asset.

The second approach is to take a very simple idea and execute it with great artistic authority, thus implementing the values of truth and involvement and style. Such films cannot be made like a quickie, nor at a shooting ratio of three to one, but requires rehearsal, weeks of shooting, and the ability to reshoot a scene until it is satisfac-

cal labour. Everything else (raw stock, equipment, editing and completion expensed, etc.) constitutes a relatively small percentage of the budget. The low-budget approach is precisely the opposite. The major items of cost are the things (film, equipment, processing, etc.), and the "above the line" fees and salaries of technical labour are relatively

bare subsistence wage, he is contributing a minimum of a hundred thousand dollars worth of "above the line" services for practically nothing.

It immediately follows that the low-budget film that is not a "quickie" does not employ union labour. This is possible only because there exists today a large number of semi-trained,

maker can continue to reduce costs and buy those two essential items: time and film.

A final note on the concept of production: Clearly one is playing upon the eagerness and energy of people in order to induce them to work at a wage lower than they deserve. One is, to put it frankly, exploiting the fact that so many people want to work in film and there is very little work available. This kind of exploitation is morally tenable if one allows oneself to be exploited in turn. If people are willing to work hard so that you can make a good film, you owe it to them to make a film that is worthy of their effort. You also owe them a chance to participate on both an artistic and a financial level. Finally, in no case should you pay yourself a single cent more than you pay the lowest worker in your cast and crew.

Many people have made low-budget films, and most of them have failed both artistically and commercially. The low-budget independent feature is the greatest crapshoot there is, because when it works, the payoff, both artistically and financial, can be enormous, and when it fails, it is usually a total wipeout. A hundred thousand-dollar loss by a filmmaker who has access to only \$100,000 of capital is more disastrous than a \$20 million loss by a company like MGM. As well, a film that exposes its maker as one without talent means their chances of making a second feature may be less than were their chances of making the first. Many people have made low-budget films, and most of them have failed both artistically and commercially. The low-budget independent feature is the greatest crapshoot there is, because when it works, the payoff, both artistically and financial, can be enormous, and when it fails, it is usually a total wipeout. A hundred thousand-dollar loss by a filmmaker who has access to only \$100,000 of capital is more disastrous than a \$20 million loss by a company like MGM. A first feature that exposes the filmmaker as one without talent will make financing a second feature very difficult. In fact, considerably more difficult than it was to finance the initial feature.

Next month, we examine the process of beginning and completing your screenplay.

"The low-budget independent feature is the greatest crapshoot there is..."

tory. Also, certain items, like equipment rentals and processing, can only be purchased at fixed costs, so something else in the production budget has to be sacrificed, and that item is people. This leads to another very basic premise of the low-budget feature: with limited financial resources, it is necessary to underpay labour in order to buy film and time?

On a normally financed feature, the major costs are the "above the line" fees to talent (for story, screenplay, director, producer, and cast) and techni-



energetic young people who are desperate to work in films. Just as the crew must be non-union, so the cast must be non-Screen Actors Guild. There are so many unrecognized and unknown actors of talent who are willing to make a financial sacrifice and who want nothing more than to show what they can do in a quality film, that quality of performances need not be hampered by lack of production funds.

Finally, by shooting on locations instead of constructed sets, by scrounging props and costumes, working with little or no overhead, using second-hand cars and borrowing and hustling whatever you can, the film-

duced to a mere pittance. The first person whose wages are sacrificed is the filmmaker. By writing his own original screenplay, directing, producing, and editing his own film, all for a

Three Sided Coin

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us: a very powerful device, adding to the energy of the film.

Saturated with irony, the film moves at a blazing speed to the accompaniment of a relentless techno soundtrack; blink and you'll probably miss a throw-in visual gag. Using an innovative mix of animation, still photography, slow motion, and normal cinematography, Twyker illustrates how the smallest change in what a person does can alter the rest of their life as well as the lives of others, including complete strangers they pass on the street.

If you watch a lot of *Star Trek* spinoffs, you're no stranger to time loops, temporal fluxes, and the rippling consequences of chance—all staples of post-Stephen Hawking pop sci-fi. But *Run Lola Run* is more than the sum of its gimmicks: It has a real worldview. The young Tykwer seems determined to

kiss off the Sturm und Drang of generations of German culture. His running, red-haired riot girl stands for openness, crazed optimism, and a belief in endless possibilities—all of them underlined by multiple angles, split screens, slow and fast motion, and blizzards of hyperbolic imagery: Lola can breathe life back into her injured dad. She can charge through a flock of nuns (take that, Catholicism!), rob a huge bank (take that, Capitalism!), and stop a roulette wheel with her piercing scream (take that, Chance!). She can goof something up and then replay the sequence until she gets it right, taking the narrative into her own hands. The movie could be dismissed as all adrenaline-swamped pyrotechnics, but adrenaline can be its own justification: In *Run Lola Run*, it makes stuff happen big-time.

FREE FRIDAY FILMS @ INNIS

<http://www.utaranta.ca/fff>

November 12 - Don't Look Back

USA - 1967 - 96 min

Directed by D.A. Pennebaker

Starring: Bob Dylan, Joan Baez, Donovan, Allen Ginsberg

November 12 - The Last Waltz

USA - 1978 - 117 min

Directed by Martin Scorsese

Starring The Band, Bob Dylan, Eric Clapton, Neil Young, Van Morrison, Muddy Waters, Joni Mitchell, Dr. John, Paul Butterfield, Emmylou Harris, Neil Diamond, Ronnie Hawkins, The Staples, Ringo Starr, Ronnie Wood

November 19 - Buena Vista Social Club

Germany/USA/France/Cuba - 1999 - 100min

Directed by Wim Wenders

Starring Ibrahim Ferrer, Ruben Gonzalez, Compay Segundo, Ry Cooder

November 26 - Gimme Shelter

USA - 1970 - 91 min

Directed by Albert & David Moyses

Starring The Rolling Stones, Jefferson Airplane, The Grateful Dead, Tino Turner

November 26 - This Is Spinal Tap

USA - 1984 - 82 min

Directed by Rob Reiner

Starring Michael McKean, Christopher Guest

Freefalling:

An Interview With Toronto Based Intergalactic Productions

BY PETE SOBCHAK

The concept of the filmmaker is a person who literally makes a film from beginning to end—one who applies their talent and creativity to every phase of motion picture production, from selecting the material, developing the screenplay, choosing the cast and key technicians, to directing the shooting, and supervising the editing and completion. Russ Goosze and Sara Sahr took on these responsibilities when they formed *Intergalactic Productions* and began work on their first feature length film as producers, *Free and Clear*. "We wanted to do a film that at least had a chance," says Sara. To do this, each drew on their experiences from working in the film industry.

Russ, for example, came to Toronto as a musician, but began working as a production assistant on various productions, making \$90 a day. After a year he decided to become a cameraman, a decision ultimately culminating in taking the CSC course and becoming director-of-photography on several music videos and kickboxing movies. By February, he will have worked in some aspect on twenty films. He met Sara on one of those films, where she was working as an actor, and they began to notice how these relatively low budget action movies were making quite a lot of money in the video market. This realization prompted them to make a go at doing their own feature. Sara sat down and began to write the

script, intending it to be a spoof of the whole action genre. After a year, *Free and Clear* was ready to shoot.

As with all first-time filmmakers, their primary concern was money. "We ended up using all our own money," says Russ. "We went to places like the OFDC, the CFC, and other funding organizations, but they all said 'no thanks' basically." "It seemed our project wasn't 'Canadian' enough," Sara adds. "Even though we were shooting in Toronto, using an entirely Canadian cast and crew, our story just didn't have enough 'Canadian' elements in it." Luckily they were able to secure a loan and production began. "We had an eighteen day shoot," says Sara. "It was grueling, but good. After the

day's shoot, I would go with my friend to *Na Frills* and make up the food for the next day, since we were doing all our own catering as well. We'd have to make up one vegetarian dish, one meat, loads of cheese, crackers, and fruit. The works."

Through their years in the industry, they were fortunate to have made contacts that were able to help out with equipment. "We got our one and only cube van for the shoot for a lot cheaper than if we were just renting it normally," says Russ. "The camera, too, we got for cheap. We relied a whole lot on our friends and deals we could swing. For example, if we had to shoot on office scene, the computer and furnishings would be brought in by friends who lent us their computer for

the day." They learned many lessons about planning, as well. "Always get permits!" laughs Sara. "We had one run in with the cops on one of our days of shooting. It was basically just a circumstance where one of our people hadn't spoken to the right person in getting the permits for that site. We just kept on shooting while our First AD distracted the cops." They also learned an invaluable lesson about contracts. "Always get things in writing," remarks Sara. "Through some trouble we had, we learned to always have people sign contracts. It's important so that you don't get burned later."

"After we had completed shooting, we settled into a routine where when we could save up a couple of grand, we'd proceed to the next step, like getting it transferred to video for cutting," explains Russ. "We gave ourselves one year in which to complete the major process, now all that's left is to cut the negative and do the sound. We've already spent \$44,000 on it, the negative cutting will be another \$2,000, but we're still pretty much on target."

What's next for *Intergalactic Productions*? "A coming-of-age story set in small town 1950's Ontario about a boy in an army camp," laughs Sara. "It's based on a novel my godfather wrote, and I'm adapting the screenplay. I love it! It's a great story and easy to adapt, since my godfather writes really good dialogue, I can just take it directly from the book."

"With *Free and Clear*, we tried to make a film people would like, and we think we did that," says Sara. "We're pretty confident we will be able to sell it. I mean everybody likes different things, and we're hoping that people who like these kinds of pictures will like this one. We do." When asked about how they found the whole experience, Russ speculates, "I don't know if I'm a very good producer. I don't like all that legal paperwork and stuff, but I like making films, and that's the main thing for me."

I HAVE A CRUSH ON LOU DIAMOND PHILLIPS

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through his voice.

Texas, I thought. His facial features were so unique, I couldn't quite figure out what his ancestry was. Looking at him, he seemed your typical Hollywood actor; his slicked back, gelled hair, infectious grin and very expensive looking watch exuded the essence of fame and fortune. "I'm part Phillipino, Hawaiian, Spanish, Chinese, Scottish, Irish and Cherokee," he said while taking a puff of his newly lit cigar. "I got a little bit of Cuban in me now too."

I took the lighthearted break in conversation as a chance to change the subject to something a little more personal. I was, of course, intrigued more by his personal character than his role in "Bats." This would be my chance to talk one on one with Lou...

I caught his glance, and smiled sweetly at him. "So Lou, you've appeared in dozens of movies over the years. You've done film, Broadway, TV, you've acted, written, directed, and produced. What's been your most favourite thing to do?" Not like he'd ever heard that one before.

As if on cue, he grinned again and took a puff of his cigar. Lou seemed content at the idea of entertaining us with his

numerous achievements: 'self-promotion' being an integral part of an actor's life. He had performed over 500 times on Broadway in his lead in the *King and I*, and took pride in bringing a "little more usefulness, more playfulness and sexual tension," to the show...he had written and directed a number of movies and plays since he was in high school...he had worked in a comedy troupe...he had opened for Blue Rodeo on his Canada Wide tour with his roots rock, blues, pop band the Pipe Fitters...he had recently fulfilled a dream of working with Woody Allen: "I'd have brought the man coffee".

Throughout this condensed review of his acting career, Lou exuded a confidence like no one I had ever met before. In fact, he seemed to be drawing everybody into his persona; I was captivated by the expressions on his face: the look of genuine concern when speaking of preserving the authenticity of the *King and I*; the excitement showing when he spoke of his upcoming releases; the fondness in his eyes when recalling his cross Canada tour with his band. Was I developing a crush for Lou Diamond Phillips?

"I'm an actor first and foremost," he said "I love the process of making movies". But in

a statement true to every Hollywood actor, Lou declared his love for all of his roles, because their characters all allowed him to convey a different message; he could put a bit of his personality in each one. With a smile on his face, he proudly described his contribution to *Bats*, a cheesy-feel-good line immersed in the heart of the conflict. He was genuinely proud. I genuinely laughed at him mockingly. He then launched into a recollection of his Cinderella story, one movie and character that "will forever be my first love in Hollywood," the story of Richie Valens in *La Bamba*. It was his first gig, after his degree in theatre and a couple of cast roles as extras. I remembered watching the movie in my childhood, his character singing and dancing on stage; the hundreds of women swooning over the 60's rock icon. That was Lou Diamond Phillips?

The interview ended, and we entered a five minute photo shoot before Lou said good-bye to me for good. Cameras flashed and clicked, as he sat in a large green couch, posing and smiling effortlessly. Unfazed by the prospect of thousands of eyes examining the intricacies of his face, he continued to puff away at his cigar and continue

with the small talk. He rattled off answers like a pro...that wasn't real payote they took in Young Guns...he was named after an American War Hero...he's a huge Dallas Cowboys fan...he's good friends with Joey Kocur of the Detroit Red Wings and loves hockey...he loves singing lullabies to his three kids... I took my place on the couch beside him, and posed for a couple of chance-in-a-lifetime shots with a bonafide Hollywood actor. But something was different about this movie star. There was a normality, a proximity to the average man. Although Phillips is an actor, director, singer, and Broadway lead, living in a mansion in L.A., amidst the stars and stories of Hollywood, he was also a father, a husband, a son and a man who loves his work. Sheriff Emmet Kimsey in the movie "Bats" is not your typical Jean-Claude Van Damme action hero, but a normal small town kinda guy. Kinda like Lou Diamond Phillips. He was rushed down the stairs, on his way to his next promo gig for the day. As he waved goodbye, I could not help but smile. I have a crush on Lou Diamond Phillips.

Melissa Mai is the Herald's Man. Ed. and has a crush on Lou Diamond Phillips, I think.

Interview conducted October 28th, 1999 at Futures Bakery

I Love Innis This Much

Alumnus Give College Biggest Private Gift Ever - No Strings Attached

BY ANDREW LEE

In the midst of the continuous "anti-corporate sentiment" floating around campus Innis College students have nothing to complain about. The new Student Activity Centre in Innis College, as well as a massive \$300,000 bursary fund (\$1000 and \$3000 bursaries) were donated to the college by Henry and Marla Wasser as a private donation. Henry Wasser, a former Innis college student and now president of a software company, donated the money for whatever Innis felt it needed it for. The gift, which constitutes the biggest private donation ever for the university, was given because he felt that he had learned the things that

made him a success while at U of T and Innis. During that time (7T8 grad class) Wasser was a general arts student. The Centre

was dedicated at a small reception with speeches and comments from Innis College administration and student leaders with the President Prichard in attendance, as well as friends and family.

The new Student Activity centre, decked out in wood and glass bricks, is both gorgeous and very useful. New in the cen-

tre is a resource centre (Internet and ROSI available), career centre, expansion for office space, new work-study positions

for students and a large sun room with couches for student relaxation. From an interior decorator point of view the centre combines a cool new design with functionality and more open space.

In addition to thanks and warm wishes, when asked Henry Wasser also had comments on the anti-corporate sentiment building at U of T.



Henry Wasser, et al

"Things have changed. The government can't pay for everything anymore. When that happens the private sector has to step up," said Wasser. Wasser felt strongly that not only can corporate donations be positive, but it is the responsibility of the private sector to take up slack for much needed funding for universities. What if students don't like it? His comment was: "Well if the students are given something [a donation] and they don't like it...well," and he shrugged giving a charismatic smile. Clearly the black hat being handed to corporations by student groups wasn't the same as the white one atop Wasser's head at the dedication.

Andrew Lee is the *Herold's* Donations Reporter.

Why Is SAC Pres. Matt Lenner So Entertaining?

BY ANDREW LEE

Welcome to the University of Toronto where the classes are big, the campus is beautiful and SAC used to stand for who cares. This is a new UoT since the beginning of September. What happened to boring old SAC? They elected Matt Lenner. The soap opera that ensued has been so entertaining that he may end up being not only the most, but also maybe the only memorable SAC president. As opposed to his predecessor Chris Ramsaroop, whose policy was "No way! Forget that! Over My DEAD BODY! Oh, lunch? I'll have a tuna on rye", Pres. Matt has decided to "work with the establishment". This is in itself interesting (see student protest guide under "damn the man!"). Yet the excitement was yet to come.

Imagine if you will the following: 1) The people at the Varsity doing a jig 2) People realizing U of T has a radio station 3) People caring enough to get angry at SAC. What happened was the well-documented case of SAC and Lenner changing the locks on CIUT's doors to lock out programmers so that they could overhaul the format of the station without on air problems. I suppose there is the issue of CIUT being grossly in debt (too much take out) and SAC impinging on student

rights (too much take out), but let's avoid the serious details. SAC says it is good business.

CIUT says it's the coming of the Fourth Reich. The Varsity has a legitimate "conspiracy of the week". Everybody is happy, right? Well, yes and no. The truth is that the people who are happiest are those who are sitting back and watching.

Walking around this lovely campus you can hear discussion all over about SAC and CIUT staff's shocking conduct. There are people taking sides, etc, etc....all because of Matt. If you could have told me before this mess began what the station number of CIUT was I would have given you a prize. In fact if you can tell me without looking at the side of the CIUT building where it's written in 8 foot tall letters (or is it 89.5 ft tall (FM)...hint, hint) I might be impressed. The fact is, more people have been shamelessly amused now, more than they ever have been by CIUT. If CIUT's listeners disagree you can all pile into one phone booth and call me to complain.

Now, I'm not taking anyone's side. I am still of the old school of "SAC, yah they keep hassling me that they have a dental plan...who cares". The point is that that the show does not ends here. Sure the CIUT fiasco will fade in oblivion probably before our next issue

comes out. However, there will be more scandal. It is the personality of the Pres. Matt and of the Varsity and of the skitish students here that there will be another show. I await this show, I applaud it and I most of all I enjoy it. Matt you have brought SAC into a realm where people know who you folks are, and to the Varsity:

Thanks for that great inflammatory writing...it was great. To all of you students... I wish I could do something that would entertain you so much.

It is worth mentioning that while we left a note in his Inbox, Matt Lenner was too busy to grant us an interview. Here are some possible reasons:

1. He was trapped under a falling shelf in CIUT and since nobody works there anymore, no one could hear his screams.
2. He was invading Poland, again.
3. He was listening to CIUT and no one could hear his screams.
4. He was growing a big white beard and buying a red suit...no that's Santa Claus...
5. He was broadcasting on CIUT and no one could hear his....(hmmm I feel a theme coming on).

Andrew Lee is the *Innis Herold* Entertainment/Campus News/Theatre/Soft Porn section editor.

ICSS Report

BY BRET HENDRIE

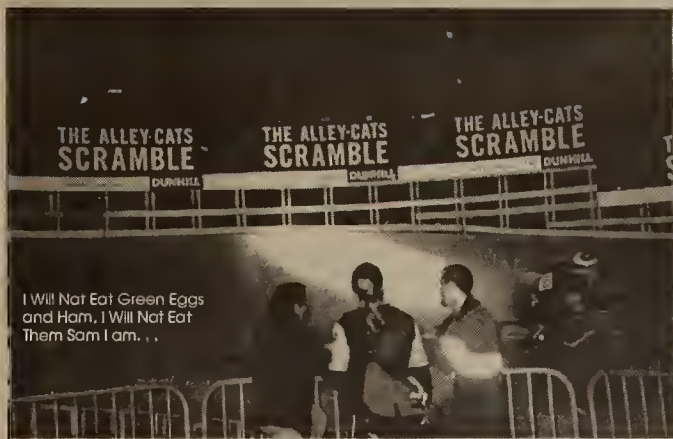
The past few months have been very exciting for the ICSS and, more generally, the Innis community as a whole. Through the generosity of Larry (an Innis alumni) and Marla Wasser, renovations to the college were completed over the summer and include the brand new *Student Services Centre*, which is named in their honor. Their funding has also created nine new scholarships and awards that recognize outstanding leadership and involvement in the Innis community. Simultaneously, student dollars were used to help create Innis' new Student Activity Centre. This fantastic facility, located beside of the cafe, is the new home of offices for the ICSS, the Innis Herald, CINSU and ENSU.

Internally, the government is proud to welcome seven brand new members: Rose Rizek & Terry Schonberger (First Year Reps.); Natasha Reid & Kalpana Sharma (Coed Sports Reps.); Mathias Loertseher (CINSU Rep.); Deniz Unal (ENSU Rep.); Alida Akey (SAC Rep.). As well, a brand new position on government - a Graduating Class Representative - has been created and quite a few students have expressed interest; the council will be voting on an appointment shortly. As you obviously noticed as well, the Herald has gotten off the ground

again and has a new editor-in-chief, Chi-Ngai Le.

Finally, the government has successfully re-launched many of the programs and initiatives that began in past years. Our international WUSC student program, for example, is a highlight of the year. Also, our next newsletter will be mailed to all Innis College students very shortly. In it, you'll find information about the upcoming months' social and sports schedule - including a Casino Trip, the Innis Formal and a "Frost Week" of events for the first week of school in January.

The coming year will be an interesting one for Innis as welcome a new principal and start developing plans for the possibility of a second residence to house our growing population. I'm confident that student life can only continue to improve at Innis; especially considering the voice of the thirteen newly appointed students to Innis College Council and an abundance of active students within the college's community (for example: the IRC, led by President Mike Gillan and VP Devora Schwartz, is taking the residence community into a very exciting and progressive year). The coming months are what we make of them: take hold of what you can and enjoy the ride! Brett Hendrie is the ICSS President-For-Life and can be contacted at (416) 978-0840, or Innis College Room 105.



Alley Cat Bikers Will Have to Stick to the Street

BY ANDREW LEE

Faster than a bike courier can fly over the hood of your car, one of TO's more interesting alternative events may be disappearing. The Alley Cat Scramble, an annual event for bike couriers from across North America and even around the world, will lose its funding from Dunhill due to changing rules for cigarette company sponsorship. The Alley Cat Scramble consists of races for competing couriers on a huge figure eight track, as well as a fashion show and art aimed at the courier culture.

The Scramble is centred

around the big plywood track, named the "Human Powered Roller Coaster." Winning on this track requires equal parts of speed and strategy. Kurt Harnet wouldn't like this race at all. Competitors burning up their speed too soon may find themselves being passed on the inside. A slip can earn a free slide down the raised wooden curve. The track has been a staple for the past six years, and before that there were rumours that the race actually took place in the streets of the city. Organisers tend to shy away from comments on the possible rogue past of the Scramble, but it's all part of the reputation of the bike courier. Admittedly, the race and in-

deed the whole event loses something if you are not a bike courier, which nearly all the 5000 or so people who attend the event over its two days are. Also, if you don't have a tattoo, piercing, or a serious road scar, you may feel underdressed.

Dressing to suit the part was left until after the races, during All Geared Up, the on-track fashion show. Modelled on members of the Saturn Racing team and Michael Landsberg from TSN's show *Off The Record*, as well as other racers, the clothes were designed for functionality as well as style. While some of the fashions looked a good deal like what you can find in any decent mall, there were some original ideas.

Overall the event was low key and straight forward. A representative from Dunhill walking in might think that they are sponsoring a party for delivery boys and girls, and that may not be so far from the truth. But what makes the Alley Cat Scramble unique, is that when it is gone, no one on more than two wheels will notice.

Bike couriers are a necessary service, where fax machines and e-mail end, these road rebels pick up. This fascination with them usually ends, however, when they cut you off on your way to work. Perhaps the next time you see one of these folks hopping the curb bound for an office delivery downtown they will have traded in their "Cars are coffins" t-shirt for one saying simply "Sponsorship anyone?"

Do I Sell Heroin? Very Well I Sell Heroin

BY CHI-NGAI LE

I'm sitting with him at a trashy Coffee-Time, trying to be cool. Remembering what SLJ said, "Just be cool." I look into my medium DD, trying to remember the guy I used to play Street-Fighter with. He doesn't look at me. His eyes are fluttering as if every inch of the CT is flashing sunlight directly at his eyes. His right leg is gyrating like he's ready to dash at any minute.

It's been a while, years maybe. But the words spread in the old neighborhood. Everybody knows where he's been, what he's done since he got out, that kind of thing doesn't stay secret for very long. I begin the conversation.

He tells me he doesn't carry any ID. He's torched all the pictures he's ever been in. He

came my cutesies. They were cool with me, so they sent me others."

He was always small-time though. It was just "the shit was always there," and he always had a lot on his mind: cops, deals gone bad, his ex-partner who was now serving eight years at Kingston, you know, worries.

So he'd smoke a little now and again to relax. It's always the same shit he tells me. Nobody ever thinks they'll get hooked. First it's once a month, then once a week, then once a day, then always. And I always thought everybody started up shooting.

"No" he tells me. "That's the shit the movies don't tell you. Most people are scared shitless of needles. You start by smoking it. And then you don't get high enough, so you snort it.

"Have you ever had to help a sixty-five year old grandmother shoot up?"

doesn't have a fixed address, he's got twenty-grand one week, and nothing the next. Just like any Johnny or Jimmy or Dave, or Pete, or Simon, or whatever. Just like any dealer who sells weed, acid, E'shrooms, or coke. He sells four. That's the street code. One for weed and hash, two for amphetamines, uppers, and hallucinogens, three for coke and crack, and four for heroin.

"It's hard. Fuck it's hard to do a job for eight bucks an hour when you can sell the shit for half an hour and make four bills easy" he tells me. "You don't even have to push it. You just stand in an alley and they fuck'n come up to you and ask, no, beg you for the shit."

He started just making runs for addicts at his half-way house when he first got out. But then the money, it was just too good. "I was just easing their pain. I was just helping them relax. I mean, I didn't make any money, 50 bucks a run, so then they be-

After that you rub it on your teeth. And then you inject it. At that point you just want it all the time, you can't accept the reality of it. Your just looking for your next high. You're fucked."

"There was this one chick, really fuck'n hardcore, shooting up since the sixties. She was so fucked I would have to go over to her apartment and help her inject the shit because she was too weak to do it herself. Have you ever had to help a sixty-five year old grandmother shoot up?" he asks rhetorically. "It's fucked up."

"But I don't know man," he continues in a voice I use to know. "I haven't been sleeping lately... nightmares. You know what comes around goes around? I think I did too much shit. I made too many enemies."

I have no answers.

Chi-Ngai Le is the editor-in-chief and can be reached at chingai.le@utoronto.ca

Signature Cafe

at

Innis College
NOW OPEN!



Innis-isation

a young frosh's tale of how she became a woman

BY ERIN VALENTINE

Coming to live in Innis residence for me, was an inadvertent decision. It was merely a check in the Innis box on my application as opposed to the McDonald or Knox box, cued only by a faint knowledge that you could cook your own food there. I was oblivious to the apparent dormitory shortage at the U of T, that some students would be spending half the year in a hotel waiting for a room.

Come moving day I was no more enlightened. I arrived what I thought was early to crowds of students toting suitcases bigger than themselves. I was not prepared to be ushered into a room to have my picture taken. This process, of course, took three tries as I have a tendency (not so unnatural in my mind) to blink when bright lights are flashed at my irises. All the while the other students in line were probably wondering what was taking so long, as the photographer grew visibly agitated.

Having passed through the remaining administrative affairs I was whizzed up to the third floor by the country's fastest elevator to an empty room. My father, who had made record time on the trip here and wanted to attempt to better it on the way home, quickly left me with nothing but a kiss on the cheek and half a dozen cardboard boxes.

By early afternoon I was firmly convinced that I had no roommates. I thought I would live all by myself in this cold, hospital-waiting-room white suite. Though I had emptied the cardboard boxes, I could not seem to arrange my room to look even remotely livable or homey. No matter which way I set up my picture frames and books, they looked like misplaced objects thrown together.

Luckily the afternoon brought a triumph and some roommates. The triumph was the successful assemblage of my computer. All by myself, no help from books, and with no phone

drifted in the early afternoon. They seemed just as friendly as the first. Could this be that I liked all my roommates? All summer I had heard nothing but stories of roommates that did

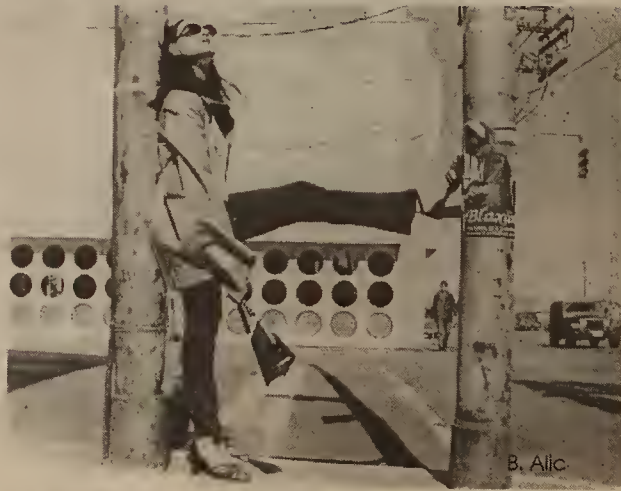
and theirs. Apparently the C in 301 C stands for Crammed. I got the smallest room in the suite! This would not have annoyed me so much, seeing as my room at home is certainly

her whiteness and her scent of rawhide. People crowd in from other floors to see her and to rest, upon her.

Forty-two lectures later, I finally feel settled into residence life. I enjoy the perks of rez: the fact that the staff makes sure everyone eats at least once every two weeks by holding a seminar of some sort offering free pizza dinner, the free lightbulbs from the front desk whenever you need them, and the thrill of checking your mailbox and the rush of seeing white envelopes inside (which is only sometimes followed by the realization that the white envelope contains a bill).

The single most identifiable aspect of residence life is the constant and inexhaustible venues for procrastination. Have an assignment you want to put off? There are hundreds of students willing to have a conversation, just walk down the hall. Not in the mood for studying for that test tomorrow just yet. Take an elevator ride to another floor to visit the vending machine, watch a big screen tv, or even spend a toonie (\$2!) and do your laundry. Even if you intend on doing something scholastically constructive, people will come up to you (if you study, they will come). There's always someone lush that wants a friend to go to a bar with, someone who wants a pal to walk with to Dominion. And since Innis is largely a film college, there's always someone tempting you with the new release or foreign film. So, while my room still doesn't look homey, I really haven't the time to notice.

Erin Valentine is the Herald's Arts and Literature Editor and likes to play Mindsweeper on her Computer (all time best score on Expert level, 203, Wow!).



calls to "technical support staff" somehow here before me was this wonderful little apparatus,

not speak to each other after the first week. Roommates that left messages on wipeboards titled

not large, but 301B is at least twice the size. To this day the roommate endowed with 301B

"How pure she is in her whiteness and her scent of rawhide. People crowd in from other floors to see her and to rest upon her."

all green lights glowing where green lights should be glowing. And soon I had people to brag to.

My first roommate arrived, and announced she had been on a walk around campus, having arrived a day early. She was already all moved in (and I thought a breadmaker came with all Innis suites). We quickly established some organization: one kitchen drawer to each girl, one shelf in the fridge.

My other two suitmates

'dear bitch'. But somehow here before me were three girls who were sweet and interesting and we all meshed so well (and I'm really not just saying this because I know they will be reading this).

However, after having the opportunity to look into the other girls' rooms I did notice a slight difference between mine

brought the single most important addition to our suite, the sacred leather couch. My parents, who are moving and could not find room for it in the new place, needed to find a home for it. How lovely and comforting is our leather couch, in comparison to the burgundy wooden tanned benches supplied with the rooms. How pure she is in

dimensions cannot decide what to do with "all this space".

The next week

It's All True and All Good

BY CARLY ENGELS

Not to be missed at the *Buddies in Bad Times Theater* is Jason Sherman's *It's All True*. Set in the depression era, it delivers an intense and innovative performance by a powerfully dynamic cast. The historical background of the WPA (Work Progress Administration) from the Roosevelt Administration is ETC.



unfortunately left out, which may cause a problem for those who are not well versed in American history. The setting

and time frame prove an interesting background for interesting debate and even more provocative opinions to surface about the human condition during trying times. More importantly, this play about the opening of a controversial play (*The Cradle Will*

Rock, directed by Orson Welles) seeks to depict how censorship affects people who are already in precarious financial and emotional positions. The theater is small but the cast makes the most of it moving all over the minimally dressed stage, the side catwalk, and even sitting with the audience at times. The lighting is fantastic, beautifully depicting mood and tension as

well as scene changes. Not only does the cast connect with each other and the story; they establish a bond with the audience, which transcends the space and at times its own seriousness.

It's All True: To Nov. 14, \$22-\$30, Buddies in Bad Times, 12 Alexander St., 416-975-8555.

The Human Comedy

A Short Story by Robert Martin

There used to be this guy, Albert Wattle. He was a comic. He did three sets a night, every night, at a dirty little comedy club called 'Laffs' deep in Hell's kitchen. He waited on tables too, and bussed and did the dishes when the machine was broken. One winter he fixed a hole in the roof with a sheet of tin and two gallons of tar. All this, breaking his back, the smoke, the noise, the smell of the customers, all this for two bucks an hour and a free beer.

Mr. Mendel, Wattle's boss, hired him as a waiter way back when 'Laffs' was just a bar called 'Jonah's'. Wattle was always

spilling drinks, always screwing up the orders. Mr. Mendel fired him at least five times, but he always ended up hiring him back. He realized that Wattle was the only reason people were coming into the bar in the first place. He was the local entertainment, the village idiot. So, one day Mr. Mendel has Wattle build a five by eight plywood stage over by the washrooms and, presto, 'Jonah's' becomes 'Laffs' and Albert Wattle becomes a comedian. The change was good for business, and business was all that Mr. Mendel was interested in.

In his act Albert didn't dance, he didn't sing, he didn't use any props or gimmicks, he just stood on stage being Albert Wattle. He only owned one suit, and he wore it every day, it was brown with wide lapels and it bagged with age, making him look shorter and skinnier than he already was. His hair was black and lank and thinning on top. His eyes were always red and his hands were always shaking. And when he spoke there was a flutter in his voice that said he was not long for this world.

He didn't tell jokes. He just talked about himself. About his tiny apartment with his wife who can't get out of bed because of her emphysema, and his only son who died of a burst appendix on a Greyhound bus to Lansing, Michigan, and about his varicose veins that burn his legs so he can't sleep at night, and his father's throat cancer and his mother having to take in boarders to pay for his treatments, about how he was audited twice for undeclared gratuities even though he doesn't get any. And how he cries and prays to God each day for the strength to carry on if not for his sake, then for his wife and family's.

It wasn't life he was whining or complaining about. Everybody knew it was true what he said. He was Albert Wattle. And the sight of him standing on that creaky stage, all puny and miserable, talking about his pathetic life in a thin shaky voice - well, it was just hilarious.

Mr. Mendel was very happy, needless to say. Still, he used to scream at Wattle for being clumsy and slow

getting the drink orders. The customers ate it up, like it was part of the act. In fact they used to help out by tripping Wattle when he was carrying a tray full of glasses, or by dropping ice down the back of his shirt. Every now and then Wattle would break down and cry right in the middle of everything, then the crowd would go wild.

That was how it was in the beginning. But you know, you can't keep a thing like Albert Wattle quiet forever.

One night a white Jaguar pulled up in front of the club and out stepped Mr. Leon Maxwell in a pearl grey silk suit. He said he was from the William Morris agency and he had come to find out what all the excitement

the all-time champion loser, a human comedy. Maxwell slapped a ten dollar bill onto the bar and slipped out just before last call. He walked to the alley across the street, climbed into his Jaguar, clicked on a top-40 station, and waited.

At quarter after three in the morning Wattle started on the long walk home. He was tired and he didn't notice the long white hood creep up beside him, or the hum of the passenger window as it slid down.

"Wattle?" Maxwell said, "I saw your act. You've got big problems. No sense of timing. No presence. Your deliver is a joke. I don't know why you do it day after day. Frankly, you're an embarrassment. But you know what, Mr. Albert Wattle? I'm going to represent you anyway. I know I'm crazy. I know. But I consider you a challenge, you know what I mean? Like My Fair Lady. So, hop in and I'll drive you home. You can thank me later."

That was how Leon Maxwell stole Wattle away from Mr. Mendel. But, who can blame Wattle for not putting up a fight? He wasn't leaving much behind, and you've got to take what life

was about. He was at the bar ordering a cognac, when Mr. Mendel came charging up screaming bloody murder. He called him a 'high priced faggot' and threw him

offers, right?

The next day Maxwell took him to dinner at the Russian Tea Room. In no time at all Wattle was signing

contracts left, right and centre. Then Maxwell shifted into high gear, lining up a tour that started at 'Dangerfields' in New York and snaked its way across the continent via all the major venues; 'The Comedy Factory' in Cleveland, 'The Improv' in Chicago, 'The Funny Farm' in Salt Lake City all the way to 'Caesar's Palace'. Along the way Wattle did radio and television spots. Classic commercials:

The 'Florsheim Shoe' ad with Albert Wattle as the only man they couldn't fit.

Albert Wattle is left penniless after his house burns down because he didn't sign with 'Mutual of Omaha.' Albert Wattle burns the turkey.

Albert Wattle gets saddled with a lemon.

And that detergent jingle: "Don't be a Wattle, Reach for the bottle, That W make your dishes GLEEM!"

People loved him, just like Mr. Maxwell knew they

would. He became known as "The fellow you're lucky you ain't." Soon the money started coming in buckets, but it was a big enterprise and what with transportation and food and Maxwell's cut, not a lot of it trickled down into Wattle's pockets. Still the hotel rooms with console televisions and thousand finger massages were a big improvement over the cold-water flat back home. Wattle did miss his wife, though, and he wondered how his father was doing. He sent them all the money he could, but he knew that wasn't the same as being there.

The Caesar's Palace show was a knockout. Albert Wattle became the talk of the strip. Maxwell took him to all the best restaurants and clubs but he wouldn't let him wear anything but his old brown suit. Socializing was important and his image had to be maintained. It

*Every now and then
Wattle would break down and cry right in
the middle of everything, then the crowd
would go wild.*



B. Alic

out the door. Mendel was no fool. He knew Wattle was hot property that he didn't want to lose. So Leon Maxwell squealed off into the night and that was that.

Of course, he came back two days later. This time wearing a Yankees sweat shirt and chinos, with his sandy blond hair slicked back and his mouth shut. He sat at a table near the stage and nursed a gin and tonic all night long. Wattle was in top form that night, what with his wife's heart murmur, and his mother's shoplifting, the trouble with the furnace, his doubts about God, the dry rot, the loneliness and emptiness that he couldn't escape, and the rent increase. The building shook with laughter. Maxwell could hardly stay in his seat.

For Leon Maxwell it was a dream come true. These were mean, dirty, depressing times and what the country needed was a reminder that things could be worse. Wattle was just what the doctor ordered, a national joke,

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

When God Died

BY QUINCY CHEUNG

Once upon a time in the Kingdom of his Lord,
There were two angels that lived together
In a small two bedroom apartment
Brother and Sister
Deep in the suburbs of heaven

And they were happy and in Love,
And they did not walk with God in heaven
For he was old and weak
And he lay in his deathbed, dying
Surrounded by all the angels who loved him,
And all their tears waiting for the stars to claim his soul

Now this Brother and Sister
Who were in Love kept their secret to themselves
For they knew it was wrong in the land of God

But one day during springtime
When the cherubs danced across the pink clouds,
And the Great trees of Eden felled rose petals on all the Kingdom,
The Brother, whose name was Damien, proposed his love.

"Let us join our souls and become one entity,

"Let us escape and proclaim our love on that crescent moon
dear Sister"

But his Sister, Pricilla, could not transcend
Beyond the conventions of heaven that had existed always
She said, "No,"
And Damien like a hunchback with all the pain and loathing

Of the heavens mounted on his shoulders,
Left their posh little apartment in heaven - his heart shattered

And as he ran across the plains of God,
With the harps of the cherubs invading his ears,
And rose petals from the Great trees obscuring his sight

The torment he carried on his shoulders dissolved
Through to his eyes and became tears of: Ambition, Inquisitiveness,
Curiosity, Hate and Love
And these heavy tears tore through the clouds of heaven,
And soiled the virgin orb that lay below

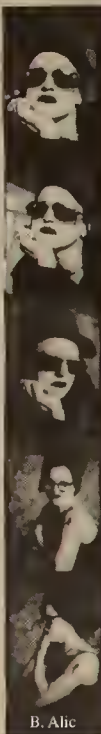
And Pricilla too, shed tears for her beloved Brother
That melted through the clouds of heaven,
And they were tears of Empathy, Regret, Loneliness, Suffering, and Love,
And like her Brother, her tears did soil that virgin orb

And foreign were these animals of this infant Earth to feelings of this sort,
That they scattered and hid in crevices and cracks of that dry, cold planet
But they could not escape the crestfallen tears of Damien and Pricilla,
Which flooded the world
And ravished its innocence, for they impregnated the Earth with their life blood
And Earth was immersed to its very core

And when God died his Greatness burst from his vessel,
Imploding his Kingdom, taking with him all his angels in heaven
And spawning the Great Sun

And when the Great Sun dried up the oceans of tears
That flowed violently through the Earth
Only the forbidden hearts of Damien and Pricilla remained
And from their seeds that lay deep within the Earth, sprang up
The beginnings of humanity

And sometimes at night if you look long and hard at the centre of the moon
You can see Damien, the last angel, shedding tears for his beloved Sister,
Whom he loved violently,
and for all eternity.



B. Alic



B. Alic

The Human Comedy

CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE

was his chance to make an indelible impression on the potential audience, and maybe to make a few connections, Maxwell told him.

There was scattered applause and laughter when ever Wattle entered a room. He would never, spend an entire evening at one table; Maxwell would drag him from actress to producer to mafia king-pin. Broad shouldered women in sequins would say, "What is this about your grandparents in the war? What was the name of that village again?" Men with jeweled stick-pins and toupees would slap fifty dollars into his hand and say "Here, do yourself a favour, buy a gun and end it all now!" He was 'it'. He was hot. Albert Wattle was the 'in' thing.

It was then that Maxwell got him three minutes on 'Jack Carlton' which at that time was the ultimate goal of all new comics. It meant an audience of twenty million. Maxwell managed to negotiate an advanced

payment of four thousand dollars, of which Wattle got fifteen percent, a long white envelope with a six hundred dollar cheque inside. He sent his wife a portable General Electric television set with remote control. He sent his parents two huge pink and white down-filled comforters, and a big basket of tropical fruit. His mother had never tasted a mango before. For himself, he bought a new shirt with a button-down collar and his initials on the pocket. And he took a bus trip to Hollywood and went on the Universal Studios tour. There he saw the Red Sea part before his very eyes and he walked between the massive walls of water with a group of medical receptionists from Palm Beach.

When the big day arrived Wattle was in good spirits. After all, he had his own dressing room with a bar, sandwiches, and flowers in a crystal vase. His wife had called him at the hotel the night before to tell him she would be watching him on her new General Electric television set with remote control,

things looked pretty good.

Maxwell visited him briefly in his dressing room just before show time. He crumpled Wattle's tie, and messed his hair. Then he said "you make me sick", and went to the booth to watch the whole thing with some young female associate producer. When he'd left, Wattle checked himself in the mirror and decided to slip on his new shirt. After all, his mother would be watching.

A finger pointed and Wattle stepped out from behind the curtain. The studio audience was clapping and hooting wildly. Wattle walked to his mark and stared straight ahead with his right hand shading his eyes. Standing there in his baggy brown suit with his hair all over his hands shaking, it wasn't difficult for him to imagine twenty million people slapping twenty million knees, pointing to twenty million General Electric television sets and saying "that's the fellow you're lucky you ain't!" And the thought of all America laughing at the same time inspired a

strange king of pride deep in his heart. And at that particular moment, despite the fact that he was Albert Wattle, Albert Wattle smiled.

"You looked like you were sitting on top of the world. What's the matter with you?" Maxwell said. "You looked like you were having the time of your life, like you didn't have a care in the world. Jesus Christ. Where are you going to work now? Where can I book you now?"

"I'm sorry," Wattle replied. What more could he say?

For a while Maxwell tried to save the act, to at least cash in on the exposure they got from the Carlton show. But it didn't work. As far as America was concerned, Wattle wasn't pathetic anyone; he was a big T.V. star with lots of money, Italian sports cars and a pool shaped like a grand piano. Nobody believed his whining and complaining.

About a month passed before Maxwell abandoned Wattle at a motel in Springfield Missouri. Wattle was jolted

awake at two in the morning by the roar of an engine. He ran to the window in time to catch a glimpse of the Jaguar's rear end through a thick cloud of dust.

The bus trip home took sixteen hours. When he arrived his wife was hysterical and the apartment was in shambles. "We've been robbed!" she said. Two days later his father died and his mother had a nervous breakdown. She went crazy and started smashing and tearing everything she could get her hands on. The neighbours found her lying naked on the bedroom floor, covered in goose feathers.

He tried to get a job, but the lady at the agency said that because of his advanced age and lack of useful skills he was unemployable. So, what choice did he have? He went back to 'Laffs' and on his hands and knees begged for his old job back. Mr. Mendel spat in his face. Five times he went back in tears before Mendel took him on at a buck an hour, double shifts on weekends.

After that he was funnier than ever.

My heroes have always been tragic figures. Hamlet drowned. Rimbaud drowned. Van Gogh drowned. Marilyn Monroe drowned. Anne Sexton drowned. Sylvia Plath drowned. John Berryman drowned. Richard Brautigan drowned. Not the real drowning, but the *real* drowning. The drowning that has occurred long before the gas or the pills take effect, or the bullet penetrates the skin. It doesn't matter what's written on the coroner's report. This death is secondary. A technicality necessary to clean up the books. Each face stared from the bottom of a pool. Virginia Wolfe sought water when the knives failed. Before stepping in, she filled her pockets with stones. This is not the action of an irrational person but a thorough one. Jack Spicer claimed that language was in him while those that knew him blamed the booze. At any rate, no amount of Kleenex could dry his tears. Death by drowning. Tennessee Williams poured out the plastic cap from a pill bottle. What was it doing in his mouth? Even the simplest chores are impossible in a world filled with so much pain. Death by drowning. The arm-waving that resulted in so many false rescues was not a plea for salvation. They were giving up the ghosts that haunted them. Death by drowning. All my heroes dead or dying, drowned or drowning.

Two Tongues

"Why do you go to such lengths to say hello to me?"
 "I was wondering that myself. You must wonder too. Do you?"
 "I wish you'd do our wondering for us."
 "I'll talk to you about it later. I've got to go now."
 "Okay, fine."
 "I just wanted to say hi."
 "Well, hi."
 "Hi."
 "So now I know what the message is, if you call her again. Don't bother getting through to me. As soon as I hear that you called I'll know the message is 'hi'. You don't need to call back."
 "So what are you saying?"
 "Just that."
 "Oh."
 "Why do you go to such lengths to say hello to me?"
 "I was wondering that myself. You must wonder too. Do you?"
 "No, not really. I mean, I think I know why."
 "At least I finally got through to you."
 "I can hardly believe it myself, that we're actually talking. I mean, I like."
 "I know; you're impossible to get hold of. I've called several times."
 "I called back but there was no answer. I keep getting these messages. You called and now I'm finally talking with you."
 "Yes you are. Well."
 "Well."
 "I just wanted to say hi."
 "Hi."
 "Hi."
 "Now I know what the message is, if you call again. Don't bother getting through to me. As soon as I hear you called I'll know the message is 'hi'. I won't bother calling you back."
 "What's that supposed to mean?"
 "Well, I'm getting a little tired of it, that's all. I don't think you really want to talk with me. I don't think you care about me at all. I think you're just lonely."
 "Is that what you think?"
 "Why else would you go to such great lengths to say hello to me?"
 "Believe me, I've been wondering that myself."
 "I wish you'd do that wondering for both of us."
 "All right, look, I won't call you again. It's not worth it."
 "Great."
 "Fine then, it that's what you think."
 "Why else would you call?"
 "Don't ask me."
 "I won't."
 "Goodbye."
 "Wait."
 "What?"
 "Wait. Just wait a second. Listen, I'm not really mad. I mean."
 "I don't want it to be this way."
 "Me neither."
 "Well, then."
 "Well."
 "I just wanted to say hi."

The one who asked us What's the joke? & we tried to invent one or make sense out of the question What's the joke? What's the joke? he kept askin' & no one knew what the fucking joke was & it pissed us off 'cause who the hell was he some smart ass acting prof from New York & so what was it some kind of game or head game or was he king shit of turd island or was he rubbin' our noses in it & What's the joke? What's the joke everyday for weeks & we were tired of hearin' it we wanted to act not fart around like who cares what's the joke what's the joke & what's it got to do with the price of shit in China alright no one's gettin' off on this joke-trip except him who's laughin' his fat ass off while we're the dumb fuckers payin' for all this shit & maybe that's the joke & we tell him & he says What's the joke What's the joke? so we haven't got it & we haven't got it & we don't want to think about it & all the time we are thinkin' about it & if he's tryin' to pull a fast one then it's workin' but what's it got to do with acting we ask & he says What's the joke? like we expected & we say How do we know what's the joke if you don't tell us? & he smiles like a cunt & says you know what he says 'cause it's like a broken record What's the joke? & the prick laughs behind his beard & you want to smack him but you don't because you know deep down there's somethin' funny not quite right no one wants to admit defeat 'cause that's what smackin' him would be or maybe that's what he's after a gut response we're stewin' in our own sweat he says you guessed it What's the joke? we explode There is no joke There is no fucking joke you bastard! & we just stare at him & he laughs & says That's it That's the joke & we're catchin' flies & our assholes are wound like clocks & he's laughin' & we've got it like Zen only different 'cause the joke is that there is no joke & we got off on it the joke is that there is no joke & that's funny man the realisation that you can burn your ass all your life lookin' for the joke & it isn't there out there that the joy & the laughter is in you all the time & you just have to open yourself up to it & let it out any old time you want & that had us rollin' in the aisles man that simple thing & it had something to do with theatre.

Too much, too little

All she said to me was, "Do you have a light?" It lasted two seconds. I never saw her again.
 One side of me thought, "shit...what a slut."
 I mean, it was just the how and the where of her making that request. She said it like it was some kind of standard operational procedure to her. She knew it was late at night. She knew that she was in the 'well-known' area of town. She was exiting from my lobby. The lobby of a highrise with almost 600 units. And she needed a light for her smoke. How badly she must of needed that smoke. What might she have been up to in order to so require an inhalation of that tobacco weed? Maybe she needed to get rid of the taste of something, or someone. I mean, to ask a complete stranger for a light. And especially with that look she had on her pretty face.
 The best way I can describe that 'look' is by concentrating on a particular feature of her face. The grin for instance. That subtle little grin she wore. I can't honestly say that it was smile. It was far too malevolent for that. No, it was a definite grin. What was she grinning about? That slut. I bet I know what she was grinning about.
 Fuck.
 Now it's really driving me nuts. What if she was only asking me for a light because she wanted to strike up a casual conversation with a not-so-bad looking stranger? What if her grin was only a half-grin/half smile? You know, sort of a coy come-on. Something like, "Excuse me, but do you have the time?" or "My, but isn't it rather cold for this time of year?" Perhaps it's just the pressures of life and gravity that are causing me to read so much into so little.
 No. She was what she was.

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